Deme. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash,
And so lets leaue her to her silent walkes.
Chiron. And twere my cause, I should goe hang my selfe.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Enter Marcus from hunting.

Who is this my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame would all my wealth would wake me,
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt and hewd, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in,
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy loue: Why doost not speake to me?
Alas, a crimson riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stird with winde,
Doth rise and fall betweene thy Rosed lips,
Comming and going with thy honny breath.
But sure some *Tereus* hath defloured thee,
And least thou should'st detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnst away thy face for shame.
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a clowde.
Shall I speake for thee, shall I say tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beast,
That I might raile at him to ease my minde.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stopt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomella* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sowed her minde.

But

But louely Neece, that meane i
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met
And he hath cut those pretty f
That could haue better sowed t
Oh had the monster seene thos
Tremble like Aspen leaues vp
And make the silken strings de
He would not then haue touch
Or had he heard the heauenly H
Which that sweet tongue hath
He would haue dropt his knife
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian P
Come let vs goe, and make thy
For such a sight will blinde a fa
One houres storme will drowne
What will whole months of tea
Doe not draw backe, for we wi
Oh could our mourning ease th

Enter the Iudges and Senatour
passing on the Stage to the place of
fore pleading.

Titus. Heare me graue fathe
For pitty of mine age, whose y
In dangerous warres, whilst yo
For all my blood in Romes gre
For all the frosty nights that I h
And for these bitter teares, whi
Filling the aged wrinkles in my
Be pittifull to my condemned S
Whose soules is not corrupted a
For two and twenty sonnes I ne
Because they died in honours lo

Andronicus lyeth downe, and

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Titus Andronicus* (STC 22330) LONDON, 1611 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.